

Day 1 - July 11: Back For Good by Cammerel

Series: [Stoncy Week 2021 \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

We dated in high school but you moved away and now you're back.

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Author's Note:

Year: 1996, YES, I wanted the 90's, deal with it.

Hair References:

Steve, I imagine something like Jason Priestley's character on 90210

For Nancy I imagine a very 90's pixie cut ala Winona

And Jonathan I'm thinking heartthrob Leo hair from like Romeo + Juliet

Steve props his feet up on the desk as he listens to Mrs. Bailey prattling away on the phone, he glances over at the mini fridge, considering eating his lunch early - while she's talking his ear off - but doesn't push for it just yet. There are a few people waiting outside his office door, and though it's blurred between them, he can tell that some are peering in and others are pacing.

He should've moved, worked in a different district or something. Gotten an idea of what real, normal police work was like before starting up here in Hawkins.

But, then again, he's at the point in his career where a 'normal' shift is boring as hell, and he'd rather come in on the days where the world is moments from ending. It doesn't happen often, but it certainly happens a lot more than it does in other places.

He finally finishes the call with Mrs. Bailey, assuring her that he'll be out to visit her in the morning and then motioning for the next to come in.

Steve isn't expecting it to be *them*.

Hell, he wasn't expecting to see either of them back in Hawkins, maybe even Indiana altogether.

Nancy's hair is cut short to her head, unlike anything he's ever seen on her before, but it looks amazing. She's still as beautiful as ever.

Jonathan comes into the room just behind her and closes the door after them. He stands confidently, not slouched or trying to appear smaller like he was in highschool. His eyes meet Steve's and don't waver.

The both of them look like they've been through the apocalypse, covered with bandages and green slime, eyes wild and stances guarded like something could come from around a corner at any time. It's not entirely unlike how he's been the last few years.

He looks between them, smiling tightly, "I thought they were sending El and Mike. What the hell are you two doing involved in this? I thought... I thought you left for good."

Nancy smiles sadly at him and shakes her head, "We m..." she looks back to Jonathan and the two exchange a completely silent conversation with their eyes. Steve looks away for a moment, knowing that it's not meant for him to be a part of.

"We missed you."

His eyes come back around to Jonathan's, brows raised in surprise.

As hopeful as he is, he shrugs and smiles, deciding to keep the tone between them light, "Yeah, sure," he drops his feet from the desk and stands, walking around it to join them on the other side, his hands in his pockets, "How long have you been in town for? I had no idea."

Nancy shakes her head, "We just got here, El said you'd be at the station. She didn't say how bad it had gotten, though. This is insane."

Steve looks between them and shrugs again, "Could be worse, you should see the other side."

"Is that where the rest of the gang is? Holding down the fort in the Upside Down?" Jonathan asks.

He nods, "Yeah, it's pretty much just me on this side, and we can barely afford that," he admits, "I go over when I can, but, well... you

know how it is.”

They both nod, eyes wide.

“So you guys just came in, I take it you need a place to crash?”

“If it’s not too much to ask.”

Steve slaps Jonathan on the shoulder and walks past them, motioning for them to follow, “Yeah, no problem,” he walks out of the front, leaving the station a little earlier than he’d planned and climbing into his car.

Nancy and Jonathan climb into theirs and follow him out of the parking lot.

He flicks on the radio and winces the moment the song starts coming through his speakers, *‘-celebrated glory, but that was not to be. In the twist of separation you excelled at being free-’* he turns it off immediately, cheeks heating as he glares out the windshield, thankful neither of them in the car behind him are with him at that moment.

The drive to his place is short and they pull up beside him once he’s parked his police car.

“Just a heads up,” he starts as he leans over his hood, watching them climb back out of their own car, “I don’t really run a bed and breakfast and this place isn’t like my parents. So... living space is limited.”

Nancy smiles knowingly, “Is that your way of saying that there’s only one bed?”

Steve nods, glancing to Jonathan, “And no couch.”

“No couch?” Jonathan asks in surprise, “How do you watch X-Files?”

Steve rolls his eyes and shoves him jokingly, “Who says I even watch that creepy alien shit?”

Jonathan stares at him flatly and he folds.

“Okay, okay,” he holds his hands up in defeat, “Fair enough. The TV is in the bedroom. That’s how. It’s a bachelor pad, what the hell else are you expecting?”

He sees the look flicker across both of their faces at the same time and they share it with one another.

Steve’s pretty sure it’s pity, so he turns away immediately, sifting through his keys to unlock the door and let them in.

“So, you’re sing-...” Nancy trails as she follows him in, “-le? Holy shit.”

Steve takes his shoes off, glancing up to the both of them and then around, “Oh, uh... yeah. It’s kind of become an arsenal of sorts... for the other side.”

“No kidding,” Jonathan says as he walks around the front room, or ‘The Battle Room’ as Dustin calls it.

Steve brushes past them both, pointing down the hall, “The bathroom’s just down there, in my room. I’ll get you guys some spare towels.”

Nancy smiles, walking to him and lifting up onto her toes to press a kiss to the corner of his jaw, “Thanks, Steve.”

He watches her, eyes wide as Jonathan follows as well, pausing by him and, for a second, Steve humors himself, unable to filter.

“You gonna kiss me too?” he asks, blinking owlishly.

Jonathan nudges him, “Only if you want me to.”

Steve blushes, moving to the hall closet to get them towels and handing them over to Jonathan, watching him join Nancy in the bathroom.

He swallows tightly, trying **not** to think of the both of them taking the shower together... both of them naked... helping to get eachother clean.

Fuck, it's been too long since the last time he got laid.